

SPAWN



TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

A THOUSAND CLOWNS

PART FOUR

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HAHAHAHA
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SPAWN 136 SUMMARY

Nyx continues her desperate attempt to re-establish the connection with Spawn, when Mammon interrupts. Without revealing any details of his plans, Mammon plays on Nyx's emotions by showing the pain and anguish Thea is experiencing while in Hell. Still refusing to give in to his mental and physical pain, Spawn awakens to find himself free from the spiritual barriers of The Dead Zone. Determined to put a stop to the Clown's plans, he makes his way to the center ring of the Clown's newly formed Demented Circus. Spawn and the Violator face off once again, with a broken Spawn failing to overcome the Violator. As the Violator celebrates his victory, he plants a kiss on his defeated foe while all of Manhattan falls into darkness.

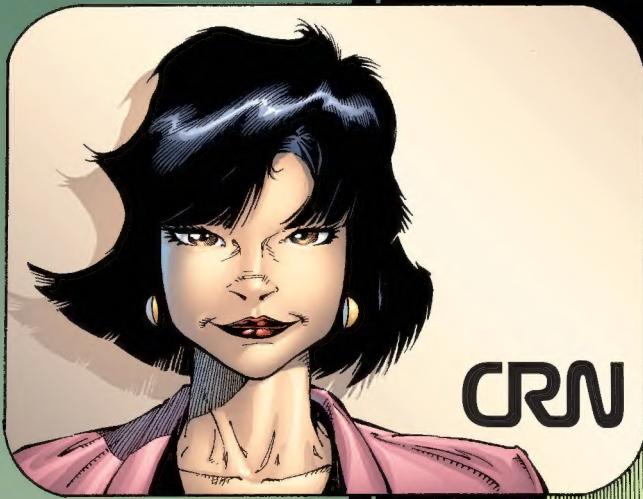


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PRODUCTIONS



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...JUST JOINING US, A MASSIVE BLACKOUT HAS ENCLUSED MANHATTAN. WHILE AUTHORITIES ARE AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THE OUTAGE, A CITY SPOKESMAN SAID THEY ARE WORKING ON THE PROBLEM AND HOPE TO HAVE POWER RESTORED SOON. MEANWHILE, AUTHORITIES URGE CITIZENS TO REMAIN CALM AND TO STAY WHERE THEY ARE. ALL BRIDGES AND TUNNELS INTO THE BOROUGH ARE NOW CLOSED, SO IF YOU WERE HEADING INTO THE CITY TONIGHT, BETTER MAKE OTHER PLANS.



BROADWAY HAS GONE DARK, AS THEY SAY, AND SO HAS THE ENTIRE CITY. WHICH MEANS TONIGHT'S RED CARPET GALA FOR THE FILM EPIC "ACHILLES LAST STAND" WILL HAVE TO BE POSTPONED. SORRY, A-LISTERS, NO CELEBRITY GIFT BAGS FOR YOU TONIGHT. MEANWHILE, IN FASHION NEWS, WE'RE HEARING REPORTS OF ROVING SANGS OF HOOLIGANS DECKED OUT IN BLUE FACE PAINT...



OF COURSE, IF YOU ARE IN MANHATTAN YOU CAN'T SEE THIS. BUT WE'VE STILL GOT A LOT OF VIEWERS IN THE OUTER BOROUGHS. SO MY QUESTION TO YOU, MY LOYAL AUDIENCE, IS THIS: HOW MUCH MORE CAN WE TAKE? THE FAT CATS AT CITY HALL KEEP SCREWING UP AND US REGULAR JOES HAVE TO LIVE WITH THE MESS. THEY CAN'T FILL THE POTHOLE, CAN'T PICK UP THE GARBAGE AND CAN'T KEEP THE SCUM OFF THE STREET. AND NOW, THEY CAN'KEVEN KEEP THE LIGHTS ON. SO, HOW LONG TILL WE SNAP?



"HOW LONG TILL THE
ENTIRE CITY JUST
COLLAPSES UNDER
THE WEIGHT OF ITS
OWN CHAOS?"



IT IS THE PAIN THAT DRAGS SPAWN OUT OF THE SAFE HARBOR OF HIS SLEMMERS.

PAIN AND HUMILIATION.

AND THE ECHOES OF A MADMAN'S CACKLE RINGING THROUGH HIS HEAD.

"THAT WAS JUST THE BEGINNING. I HAVEN'T EVEN BEGINN TO BREAK YOU!"

WHAT COULD HE HAVE MEANT BY THAT?

NO TIME TO PONDER NOW. IN THE DISTANCE ARE THE SOUNDS OF CHAOS. SCREAMS OF TERROR AND PLEAS FOR HELP.

A CITY CRIES OUT IN FEAR, LOST IN THE DARKNESS...

WITH NO HERO IN SIGHT.

DON'T BE SHY NOW!

COME OUT AND PLAY!

GET OFF MY RIDE, YOU FREAKS!

REACH INSIDE MY POCKET, LITTLE GIRL. I GOT SOME CANDY FOR YOU.

I KNEW WE SHOULD'A STAYED IN BROOKLYN!

GO! FLOOR IT!

AAAHH!

HEY! WATCH IT!

THUNK!

LEAVE THEM
ALONE.

ABSOLUTELY.
WE AIM
TO
PLEASE.

UM...
HANG IN
THERE, MISTER.
WE'RE GONNA
GO TO...
UH... GET
HELP...

UGH!



WHERE
IS HE?
WHERE'S
YOUR RING-
LEADER!

HAVEN'T
YOU FIGURED
IT OUT, SWEET
BOY? I'M
EVERY-
WHERE.

PULL!

HRMPPH!

WE'RE A
BEAST WITH
TWO THOUSAND
EYES, TWO
THOUSAND
FISTS.

AND WE'VE
JUST TURNED
THIS GODFORSAKEN
CITY INTO OUR
PERSONAL
FUNHOUSE!

SO WHAT
DO YOU SAY?
READY TO PACK
IT IN AND CRY
UNCLE?



HE'S BACK. I CAN FEEL IT. LIKE HE JUST REAPPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE.

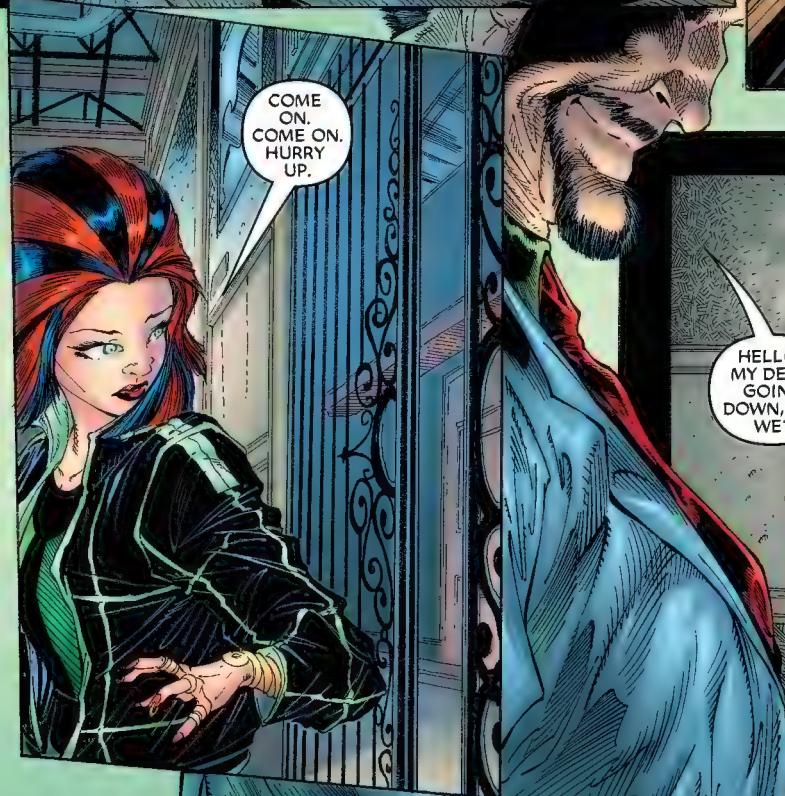
AND NOW HE'S OUT THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF WHATEVER MADNESS IS ENVELOPING THE CITY.

HE NEEDS HELP.

Ping!

WEIRD. POWER'S OUT BUT THE ELEVATOR'S RUNNING.

MUST BE AN EMERGENCY BACKUP OR SOMETHING.



AND SO IT GOES.

A CHURNING MAELSTROM OF VIOLENCE.

A PERVERSE CIRCUS OF CRUELTY. WICKEDNESS PERPETRATED FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

SPITE AS ENTERTAINMENT.

MALICE AS SPORT.

IT FEEDS ON ITSELF, GROWING IN DEPTH AND DIMENSION.

THE MAD PREY ON THE SANE, DRIVING THEM TO A FRENZIED PANIC.

TRUST DISSOLVES. ANIMAL INSTINCT TAKES OVER.

NEIGHBOR TURNS ON NEIGHBOR, STRANGER ON STRANGER.

AND ABOVE IT ALL, A GLEEFUL CACKLE REVERBERATES ACROSS THE STONE CANYONS OF MANHATTAN.

THIS JUST
AIN'T YOUR
NIGHT, IS IT,
BIG GUY?

UFF!

THE NIGHT'S
JUST
BEGINNING.

COME ON!
GET UP! YOU
CAN'T QUIT ON
US NOW.





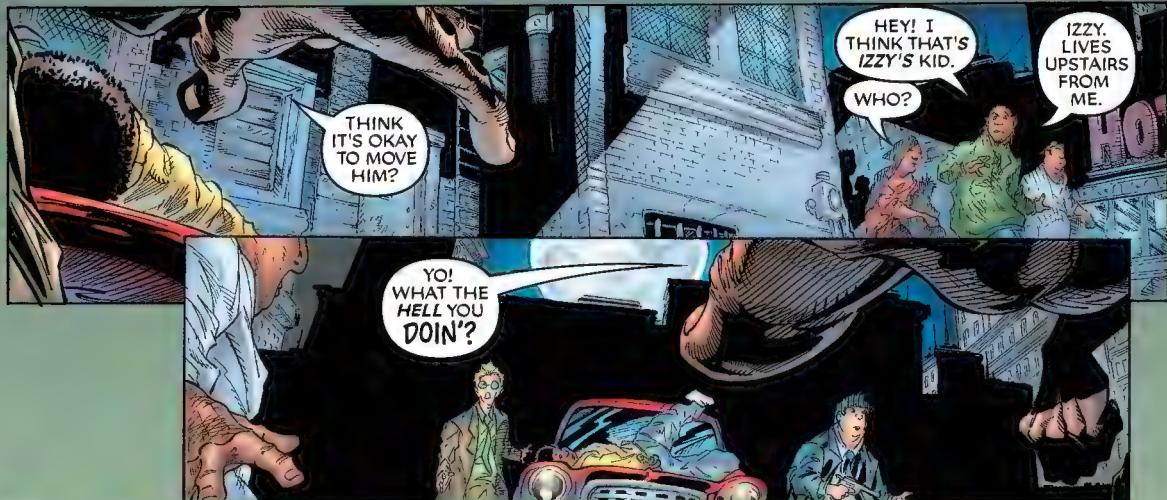
PLEASE STAY
INSIDE YOUR
HOMES AND
REMAIN CALM!
SWAT TEAMS ARE
ON THEIR WAY.
ANY MOBS
GATHERING WILL
BE MET WITH
TEAR GAS!

GOOD
ONE, TWITCH.
THAT OUGHTA
SETTLE
'EM RIGHT
DOWN.

SO, WHAT
NOW? WE
JUST HEAD
BACK TO THE
PRECINCT?

WE'LL PULL
OVER IF WE SEE ANY
PARTICULARLY EGRESSIOUS
VIOLATIONS. OTHER
THAN THAT, I DON'T THINK
THERE'S MUCH
WE CAN--





NOW, NYX, I LIKE TO THINK OF MYSELF AS A PATIENT MAN. I'VE GIVEN YOU PLENTY OF TIME TO MULL OVER MY OFFER.

THE SOUL OF YOUR POOR WRETCHED FRIEND SET FREE IN EXCHANGE FOR THAT POWER YOU HAVE LITERALLY WRAPPED AROUND YOUR FINGER.

WHAT KIND OF LOYALTY DO YOU OWE THAT LOATHSOME CREATURE? THERE'S NOT A PERSON WHO EVER CROSSED HIS PATH WHO DIDN'T SUFFER FOR IT.

ASK POOR THEA. NOT THAT SHE COULD ANSWER YOU. I IMAGINE SHE'S TOO BUSY SCREAMING.

DID YOU KNOW IN HELL, YOUR SCREAMS ARE LIKE RAZOR BLADES? THEY LACERATE YOUR OWN THROAT AS YOU CRY OUT.

BUT I THINK THE WORST OF IT MUST BE THE LONELINESS. THE ISOLATION. THE UTTER SENSE OF ABANDONMENT.

TO BE CUT OFF FROM ANY SENSE OF HOPE, ANY SMALL AFFECTION SOMEBODY SOMEWHERE MIGHT HAVE HELD FOR YOU, EVEN FOR A FLEETING MOMENT.

TO BE JUDGED BY GOD HIMSELF TO BE UNWORTHY OF HIS PRESENCE. LOCKED AWAY IN HIS CELLAR LIKE SOME FILTHY LITTLE SECRET.

I'LL BE PERFECTLY HONEST. I'D LIE TO YOU IN HEARTBEAT TO GET WHAT I WANT. BUT I DON'T NEED TO LIE.

THE TRUTH IS THE SHARPEST KNIFE IN MY CASE. AND DEEP DOWN, I THINK YOU KNOW THAT.

TRUST ME, NYX. I'M A PROFESSIONAL.



AAA
A
HOOOO!
O!

DUH,
TELL ME
ABOUT THE
RABBITS,
GEORGE!

GET
BACK,
ASS-WIPE! I
SWEAR TO GOD
I'LL BLOW YOUR
BRAINS ALL
OVER TIMES
SQUARE.

WOOHOO

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, HANDSOME?
WHY SO GLUM?
AREN'T YOU ENJOYING
OUR EVENING'S
ENTERTAINMENT?

I'LL BE THE
FIRST TO ADMIT IT.
YOU'RE HOLDING UP
BETTER THAN I
EXPECTED. GOLD STAR
FOR SPAWNIE! BUT IT'S
STARTING TO SINK
IN, ISN'T IT?



ALL
THE LITTLE
PIECES
FALLING
INTO
PLACE.

SOMETIMES
YOU JUST HAVE TO
TAKE A STEP BACK
FROM THE CANVAS
AND LOOK AT THE
BIG PICTURE.

SEE IT
NOW?

YOU'RE
TRAPPED
IN A CORNER.
NO MOVES
LEFT.

NO WAY
OF WINNING,
BUT YOU'VE
STILL GOTTA
PLAY OUT YOUR
HAND.









EMPIRE